

# RUSSIA'S RELIGION TRUST: Frank Carpenter Tells of the Greek Catholic Church, With Its 87,000,000 Members.

TEMPLES PLATED WITH GOLD WHICH COST MILLIONS—TREASURES OF THE KREMLIN—HOW A PIOUS PRINCESS STOLE A DIAMOND—CHURCH SLOT BOXES AND CLERICAL BEGGARS—SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF CANDLES—HOLY SYNOD AND POBODONOTSEFF.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.  
Moscow, July 7.—I am in the Jerusalem of the world's greatest Empire.

Moscow has more pilgrims than Mecca, more shrines than Rome and more worshippers than Benares on the banks of the Ganges.

It has 400 churches, monasteries in every side of it, convents on every hilltop, and you can't throw a stone without hitting a priest.

Talk about the United States Steel Company and the modern trust.

The biggest trust on earth is this Greek Catholic Church.

It has \$7,000,000 stockholders in Russia alone, and every one of them is subject to daily assessment.

The money flows in a steady stream week day and Sunday all the year through, and the amount in the treasury is beyond computation.

Even the church itself does not know what it has.

The capital controlled by the synod, \$3,000,000, is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the total assets, and the \$14,000,000 a year furnished by the Government for church purposes is a drop in the bucket compared with the gifts of the people.

We think we have grand churches. They are nothing in comparison with the cathedrals and churches of Russia.

There is one church here which cost \$18,000,000 to build, and there is a cathedral in St. Petersburg which cost more than the Capitol.

The Moscow church I refer to is that of "Our Savior."

It stands on the banks of the Moscow River, just outside the Kremlin, and its great golden dome may be seen blazing out under the sun from any part of Moscow.

The church is of white stone, built in the shape of a Greek cross. It has golden cupolas at its corners, and a great dome in the center, all of which are covered with copper, plated with gold.

It took 900 pounds of gold leaf to plate the dome, and it is estimated that there is \$1,000,000 worth of gold upon it.

The interior of the church has marbles and precious stones which cost \$2,000,000, and there are sacred pictures within it which cost \$500,000.

ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL COST TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The St. Petersburg church is St. Isaac's Cathedral.

It has cost about twenty millions, and its gold dome is as large as that of the Capitol at Washington.

It took hundreds of pounds of gold to plate it, almost as much as the dome of the church of Our Savior.

The Kanan Cathedral of St. Petersburg has a silver fence about its altar, made of half a ton of Russian plate which was re-captured by the Cossacks from Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul has a silver plate with pure gold and an interior gorgeous with gold and silver.

You have all heard of the Kremlin, the holiest place in this holy city. Moscow is twenty-five miles in circumference.

It is a mighty commercial and manufacturing center, having vast business buildings and hundreds of factories.

Right in the heart of it is a space surrounded by a wall a little more than a mile in length. This space is filled with old churches and palaces and is known as the Kremlin.

The churches have domes of gold, each as big as a circus tent.

There is a great tower with a golden clock, and in the churches and palaces are treasures beyond computation.

I have gone through many of the buildings, accompanied by the priestly guides, and by judicious bribing have had a look at the treasures.

One is a picture of the Virgin dressed in a robe covered with diamonds.

The robe is sometimes kissed by the worshippers, and I am told that all who touch it are now carefully watched to see that they don't bite off the diamonds.

According to report, this robe was once worn by a Princess who was worshipping there.

She appeared overly religious, and kept her lips on the feet of the Virgin, apparently praying in agony.

After she left one of the soldiers was missing, and she was charged with her crime and confessed and she went to Siberia.

This picture is frequently carried through the streets in one of the state carriages, and upon great occasions it has a golden chariot with a priest in attendance.

It is known as the Iberian Mother, and is said to annually bring in thousands of dollars.

NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT BOXES ARE EVERYWHERE.

The nickel-in-the-slot box must have originated with the Russian Church.

The only difference between the contribution slot boxes and ours is that with us you get the prize instantly, while here you are simply laying up treasures in heaven.

The Russian Church has the slot system scattered all over the empire.

There are slot boxes for charity hung under sacred pictures on the corners of the streets, slot cans at the oashiers' windows of the banks, at the hotel offices where you pay your bills, on the tables of many of the restaurants, in the cigar stores, where the slot machines have match-box attachments, and especially in the waiting-rooms at the railroad depots.

In the station here I counted twelve of these tin beggars chained to the walls of the ticket offices.

Each box was sealed with the seal of the church, a cross in red wax, and I saw it would be impossible to rob the boxes without breaking the seals.

I counted fifteen slot boxes along the walls and in the chapel just next the big bazaar in St. Petersburg, and at the corner of the street near by were eleven more boxes, making twenty-six in all in less than half a block.

These slot boxes are of tin. They cost probably about 10 cents apiece, and it is a poor bet that they do not make 100 per cent on the investment a day.

The country swarms with church beggars. Monks and nuns, as well as laymen and laywomen, go about with slot boxes hung



THE COUNTRY SWARMS WITH CHURCH BEGGARS. NOTICE THE SLOT BOX

THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

ONE OF THE PRIESTS

12,000,000 pounds of wax to supply the church candles, and that many of the convents have factories which supply the trade. The same candles are used over and over again, being blown out shortly after the worshipers leave and fixed up for another customer.

The ends are also melted down and recast. There is a big profit in the crosses and images sold by the church, and also in the icons or sacred pictures, which are made in vast quantities and are used in every house, I might almost say, in every room in Russia.

We are accustomed to think of pilgrims as connected with the Crusades, and do not realize that there are millions upon millions who are making pilgrimages to-day.

There are tens of thousands of Russians who go from all parts of this Empire to worship at Jerusalem.

There are pilgrims from Africa, Greece and Armenia who march on foot and by sea to the sacred places of Palestine, and there is also a vast pilgrimage of Mohammedans to the city of the crucified Christ.

The pilgrimages to Mecca go on from all parts of the Mohammedan world, vast crowds of Hindoos wander up and down the Ganges worshipping at its shrines, the Chinese make holy journeys to the tomb of Confucius and you see bands of pilgrims throughout Japan going from one holy mountain to another to pray.

PILGRIMS WORSHIP AT RUSSIA'S FAMOUS SHRINES.

Here in Russia the pilgrims are millions. There are famous shrines in different parts of the country where they worship.

At Kiev such visitors number hundreds of thousands a year, and the same is true of Moscow and other places.

The Russian pilgrims are largely peasants.

They travel about in gangs of from three to twenty, with their baggage upon their backs and their shoes either tied around their necks or held in their hands.

Both women and men are barefooted and usually bareheaded, having unwrapped their stockings to keep them clean, and up the calf.

I say unwrapped, for the Russian peasant has a cloth which he binds about his legs and ankles in the place of a stocking, covering the foot and the calf in the calf.

There are thousands of these pilgrims in Moscow at this writing.

You may see them walking through the streets, crossing themselves at every church and now and then stopping and kneeling to mutter their prayers.

They kiss the golden pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin and the saints above the shrines, and as there are shrines in every block it is quite a job to see them.

Think of a crowd of religious pilgrims so great that policemen are necessary to keep it in order as it hurries to prayers!

Think of blocking the streets of Chicago with would-be worshippers, and you have some idea of what goes on here in Moscow.

I went the other day into the walled part of this city, and was stopped by the throng at once the shrine.

The police had formed two long lines like those you see outside a theater waiting to get to the box office on an opening night. The lines were made up of old and young,

poor and rich, peasants and those of the middle classes, and numerous children. I walked along outside to see what the attraction might be. It was a picture of the Virgin looking out of gold clothes in a gold frame so propped up on a table that it stood upright. The picture was about four feet square.

The clothes were carved out of gold plate, only the face, hands and feet being painted. On each side of the picture was a policeman, and behind it were several long-haired priests in long black gowns and high black caps.

There was a contribution box in front of it.

PEASANTS REMOVED THEIR HATS AND BOWED LOW.

The worshippers were admitted to the painting one at a time, and as they came each took off his hat and bowed low.

He then knelt upon the cobblestone street and crossed himself, then kissed the hands of the picture again and again and went on his way making the sign of the cross.

Many were women and some had babies in their arms.

The women would kiss the hands of the Virgin and then have their children kiss them. There were old men, who bowed their heads and knelt, and young boys and girls who did the same.

All were terribly in earnest, and the scene was too serious a one to cause a smile.

After kissing each dropped a coin in the contribution box and passed on to the priest to buy a candle to be burned before the picture in the church later on, and each took a drink of holy water from a cup handed by the priest, giving a contribution as he did so.

I stood some time and watched the scene. The driver of every cart that passed raised his hat and in the finest of the carriage the occupants took off their hats and crossed themselves and prayed.

The poorest and meanest here are not ashamed to pray in public.

They show more respect to their religion than we do to ours, and whether it be true or not, it is worthy of respect for the respect they pay to it.

We Americans are so far away from the Greek Church that we have little idea of its numbers.

It is one of the greatest churches of the world, surpassing any other in Christendom, outside the Roman Catholic. If all the Christians on earth were gathered together, one in every five would belong to this church.

There are 86,000,000 Greek Christians in the world, and altogether less than 14,000,000 Protestants.

The Roman Catholics number 230,000,000, the Mohammedans 177,000,000, the Hindoos 180,000,000 and the Confucianists 236,000,000.

There are about 14,000,000 Buddhists, 43,000,000 Mohammedans, and 14,000,000 Shintoists, all Japanese.

The bulk of the Greek Church is Russian. It has in this country alone more than 87,000,000 members out of its 88,000,000; in other words, four-fifths of all the people of European Russia belong to it.

The Greek Catholic Church differs from the Roman Catholic Church in that it denies the supremacy of the Pope and allows all its members to read and study the Scriptures in the native tongue and also in allowing the priests to marry.

In the Roman Catholic Church a priest must be single; in the Greek Catholic Church every candidate for the priesthood must be married, but if he becomes a priest and his wife dies he cannot marry again.

He is then expected to go into a monastery for the rest of his life.

There are two classes of the clergy, the blacks and the whites; the blacks are the monks and the whites are the priests. The bishops are always selected from the black clergy, and they have a higher social standing than the ordinary priest.

The monks in the monasteries spend most of their time in fasting and prayer.

They do not have any special work and lead rigorous lives.

The priesthood is recruited from the sons of priests, and priests usually marry priests' daughters.

The clergy is by no means so respected as ours, and many of its members are ignorant and superstitious.

The Pope is at the head of the Grace-Russian Church.

He governs it through the Holy Synod, which meets at St. Petersburg.

He appoints every officer of the church and can transfer and dismiss in many cases.

In reality, however, he does but little as to church government, leaving everything to the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

This man is the famous Pobodonotseff, who for fifty years has been one of the leaders of the intellectual and religious life of Russia.

He is now 75 years old, but he still directs the synod and its priesthood. He has remarkable ability, great scholarship and unswerving honesty.

He is the son of a professor of Russian literature in the University of Moscow, was educated under his father and had a number of prominent positions before he rose to be the head of the church.

He claims to be sincere and to allow liberty of conscience throughout Russia, but this is frequently denied by his Holiness as charged with fanaticism.

However that may be, there are a vast number of Russians who do not belong to the Greek Church.

There are in all more than 11,000,000 Roman Catholics, almost 4,000,000 Protestants, about 14,000,000 Mohammedans and 1,000,000 Jews.

The Greek priests, however, are the dominant religious force in the Empire, and the people follow them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Copyright, 1903, by F. G. Carpenter.

## FOOD SUPPLIED AT PRESIDENT'S TABLE.

Only the Best Brought for the White House, but No Needless Extravagance or Waste.

In comparison with the amount of food consumed in the palaces of Kings and Queens, that used up in the White House is very small, indeed," said Harry Benoit, who was until recently the assistant chef in the executive mansion of the President of the United States and who is now the chief ruler of the kitchen of one of New York's mammoth hotels.

"Of course, Mrs. Roosevelt has, necessarily, to do a great deal of entertaining, and on exceptional occasions the dinners and luncheons given at the White House are quite equal the gorgeous spreads so frequently heard of displayed in the households of European rulers.

"We are by no means behind in such matters. But the White House kitchen is splendidly managed in that no needless waste or extravagance is tolerated.

"At the same time the kitchen is far from being any cheese-parlour. In the royal palace kitchen of the King of the Belgians, in Brussels, where I was employed as the third assistant chef, seven years ago, the word extravagance was pronounced in every sense, not only in the cooking, but in the disposition of the remains of the food when taken from the dining table.

"A roast joint or chicken, for instance, after being carried from the table, perhaps untouched, would be thrown into the swill heap.

"The head chef would not allow the meat to be returned to the royal table in any form. It was not considered good enough for even the servants to eat!

"The same disposition was made of all other foods that came from the royal dining table, except in the case of wines and liquors.

"Such wanton extravagance would not be tolerated for a minute in the White House. A roast joint taken from the President's table, touched or untouched, is used again

in cold form—and it is only right that it should be.

The expenses of the White House kitchen are much less, I believe, than is incurred in running the same department of any of the royal palaces of Europe.

"The White House kitchen is a kitchen in the true sense of the word, and in practicing close economy or cheese-parlour methods in looking after the White House food supply and its disposition. Far from it.

"But, like every other sensible woman, she will not permit needless waste—and she can, of course, well afford to be extravagant if she should choose.

"As is to be expected, the food supplied to the White House is of the very best quality that the American markets can produce, and it is prepared for the President's table by the highest masters of the culinary art.

"The President lives very plainly. He prefers plain, wholesome food to the most elaborate menu. One of his favorite dishes is a sirloin steak, medium done, with a dish of blood-red gravy and a large, meaty potato.

"Like the true sportsman, he is fond of all kinds of game, two of his preferences being quail and venison served in the various styles. In the way of pies, the lemon and the pumpkin are his favorites.

"In the White House kitchen, where they are made, they are known as the 'President's pies.' Although he is fond of most things in the dessert line, however, Mr. Roosevelt indulges in them very sparingly.

"His plain living, it has been said, is accountable for his strong vitality, mental vigor, and the enormous amount of work which he can get through with in the course of a single day.

"Most of the bread, pastry and cakes are made in the White House kitchen by three bakers. There are six bakers in all, and an average of seven sacks of flour a week are used up. The President has a preference for hams, and he is not uncommon thing for a ton of meat to be used in a week at the executive mansion when much heavy entertaining is being done by the President.

"So large and well-equipped is the White House kitchen that a full-sized Texas steer could be roasted whole in it without inconvenience.

"The meat supply, too, is so varied that there is hardly a joint that could not be

## THE MAN, THE MAID AND THE MOUNTAIN: Three Elements in a Summer Romance



served to the President. If he requested it within an hour's notice.

"A varied supply of fish is also sent to the White House every day in the year. Most of the fish are sent from Maine or the Adirondacks and they are shipped expressly for the President's table. In season

some of the finest salmon in the country are sent to the White House from the Adirondacks.

"The President is very fond of salmon, and he is of all kinds of game, and you would be surprised at the large number of gifts he receives in that line of food in season

and out of season—from admiring friends, politicians, and others.

"Like most persons, the President is fond of oysters, and they are usually down on the menu in every style. The President prefers them served on the half shell, with the plain vinegar or a dash of lemon and pepper."

## Skipper and His Family Will Drift Around World.

Father, Mother, Child and Dog Know No Home Except on Little Two-Master, the Studio.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Trenton, N. J., July 24.—Snug against the Delaware River bank at Florence, N. J., just below Trenton, lay all the week a two-masted schooner, the Studio, as interesting a boat as sails the sea, while the history of Skipper Samuel Druckemiller reads like a Stevenson romance.

The Studio is a tramp, its skipper is a tramp, his wife and 7-year-old child are fellow-tramps, and the dog Brindle is a canine tramp.

Not hoboes or unclean tramps, still tramps in the sense that they go whither they list, having no ties of citizenship and only one domicile, the one which floats on the water.

Floating is the occupation of Skipper Druckemiller, and because of this fact he named the vessel the Studio.

This vessel of twenty tons, fifty feet long and sixteen feet beam, is the work of the hands of himself and his wife.

To a correspondent the skipper spun the following yarn:

"My name is Samuel Druckemiller, and in 1839 I was born in Worcester, O., the oldest son of a Lutheran minister, now dead.

"Father put me in the Dayton, O., Lutheran Theological Academy, but I ran away from there when only 16 years old and have been a tramp painter ever since.

"Fond of adventure, I drifted South, and, joining Walker's expedition to Nicaragua, suffered from hunger and disease until that ill-fated expedition came to an end. At one time our little band of 200 was surrounded by 8,000 natives, but knowing best how to carry on warfare we escaped.

"Every history tells of this expedition, so I need not weary you further than to say

I went weighing 165 pounds and reached the United States reduced to 105 pounds.

"However, I soon forgot my hardships and then joined another expedition to Venezuela, this time under the leadership of Frederick Boliver. Our party was taken prisoner by the Venezuelans, and except for my knowledge of Spanish and the impression I made upon the General commanding the Venezuelan forces things would have gone hard with us.

"As it was, I joined, with several others, the Venezuelan Army, was wounded in battle with insurgents, taken prisoner, and awoke to consciousness one morning to learn that on the entrance of the daughter of the insurgent commander I was taken to her father's tent, where the young woman, a nurse and fell in love with me, confessed it to her father, and he had promised me, as spoils of war, to her for a husband.

"The lady was slightly dusky, and I did not take kindly to the suggestion. Her love making was not quite the pleasant thing in the world. I was her father's prisoner, and could not resist. One day, assisted by a friendly insurgent, I managed to escape, and made my way to the United States.

"The Civil War was then breaking out, and, full of love for country, I joined the One Hundred and Second Ohio Regiment, which went to Tennessee and remained gloriously inactive all through the rebellion. In 1860, having been traveling from place to place painting and selling the work of my hands, I met the lady who is now my wife. We built a boat in Florida and commenced our life voyage. We have been all over South America, and have had three children, two of whom are buried in Brazil, the youngest, a child of 7, being alive and with us.

"When the Spanish-American war opened I was in Florida. Having a boat, I went on three filibustering expeditions to Cuba, succeeding each time in making considerable money.

"With the money we built the present two-masted schooner, the Studio, and we purpose sailing in it the rest of our lives.

"After sailing down the Delaware River back to Old Point Comfort, which place we left three weeks ago, we purpose going over the Atlantic Ocean and sailing through European waters."

Aboard the Studio is a fine collection of paintings, the work of the master, as well as an interesting museum of historical relics.